UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
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It's a Good Experience

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

The Tragedy of the Tyrol

By DOROTHY WALTON

Snap-Shots of the Indian Revolution

By MIRA

Thoughts of Tolstoy

PART VIII

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Ideals of
The New History Society

"The hosts of the Kingdom of Abha are drawn up and filed in battle array on the plain of the Supreme Apex and are expecting that a band of volunteers may step upon the field of action with the intention of Service, so that they may assist that band and make it victorious and triumphant."—Abdul Baha.

The New History Society consists of a band of volunteers who have stepped forth upon the field of action intent on serving their fellow-men.

They are a group of free souls who live in the Light of the New Day and who have come together with the desire to help in the formation of the New History of the World.

Their aims are:

The unfurling of the Flag of Universal Peace.

The promotion of the principles of the Oneness of the world of humanity.

The expansion of the teachings of international Conciliation.

The diffusion of the Ideals of Love, Mercy, Justice, Right and Liberty.

The gathering of the Children of the New Race.

The declaration of the Evangel of Happiness and Joy.

The New History Society works whole heartedly for the establishment of the Kingdom of Truth, Beauty, and Light in the hearts of men.

Its fervent hope is to usher in the Dawn of the New Age.

To promulgate the constructive and universal principles of the Bahai Movement.

To lay the unshakable foundation of the palace of human Brotherhood.

To assist in practical and spiritual methods every cause that cherishes the golden Dream of the Millennium.

To help by all means possible the evolution of the powers of the mind and the unfolding of the realities of spirit.

The New History Society asserts the deathless, radiant, spiritual station of man and proclaims that luminous Origin and Goal of the soul.

It pays reverend homage to all the Prophets and Sages of the ancient and modern world.

It declares the God of Absolute Good, the God of Absolute Beauty, the God of Absolute Perfection.

Its path is the path of unending upward progress, from world to world, from star to star, from constellation to constellation, forever and without end.

Its message is love and service—love for all mankind and service to be rendered to every living creature.

Its call is to all the awakened and forward-looking men and women to arise and band together, irrespective of race, color, religion and creed and banish from the face of the earth the spectres of: War, Poverty, Sickness, Prejudice, Ignorance, Falsehood.

And to replace them with the be-

(*Continued on Page* 272)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVI MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1931 NUMBER 17

MILITANT PACIFISM

One of the problems of pacifism is, that when pacifists come together, they usually have the feeling that they are consorting with the sheep while the wolves are outside. Thus they reach only their own kind who are already convinced, and do not advance very far. That is the fault with the pacifist movement.

The real pacifists, those who are not up in the clouds, but who think and count realities, must give up idle words, and fearlessly try to accomplish something of definite value to their cause.

We all know that when a war comes, every man accepts the duty to commit a crime—the crime of killing—each man for his own country.

Now those who realize the immorality of war should do their utmost to disentangle themselves from this old idea of military duty—and so become liberated from slavery. And for this liberation I have two suggestions:

The first has, during war times, been tried and practiced in the past, by those who at great personal sacrifice have refused to do war service. However, today the sincere pacifists who mean to accomplish something must take this stand in times of peace and in those countries where military service is compulsory the effect will be great. On the other hand, in other countries where military service is not compulsory, these same pacifists should openly assert that in case of a war, they themselves would not participate.

I recommend the recruiting of people with this idea in all parts of the world. And to the timid ones who fear imprisonment by their governments I say: "You need not fear imprisonment, for if you get only two per cent of the population of the world to declare in times of peace: 'We are not going to fight; we need other methods to settle international disputes;' this two per cent will be sufficient—for there are not jails enough in the world to hold them!"

The second method which I suggest appears less illegal. I believe that international legislation should be advocated to the effect that those who declare themselves as war resisters should be allowed during peace times to take up different kinds of strenuous or even dangerous work, either for their own countries or for the international benefit of mankind. This would prove that they do not oppose war for their own private comfort or because they are cowards or because they do not want to serve their own country or humanity.

If in order to prove this, we burden ourselves with these various strenuous and dangerous occupations, we will have gone far toward achieving the pacification of the world. I am convinced that such legislation can be brought about.

I further suggest that War Resisters should organize themselves internationally and collect funds to support those resisters in the different countries who today cannot make progress because of lack of financial backing.

I advise and advocate very warmly and strongly the creation of an International War Resisters' Fund to support the active war resisters of our day.

My final word to you is that those who are ambitious and sincerely dedicated to the cause of universal Peace must have the courage to start, to initiate and to carry on so fearlessly that the whole world will be forced to consider what they are doing!

Albert Einstein, in an address before the New History Society, New York, December 14, 1930.

This is the first issue of UNITY for the year 1931. What kind of a year is this new year going to be? A better year than the last year, 1930? It would seem as though it must be, for it is difficult to imagine how any new year could be worse. For it would seem certain that 1930 is destined to be remembered as one of the saddest years in all the annals of time—and one of the most threatening and sinister as well. Sad, because so disappointing! We have been flattering ourselves that we were finding our way to peace—that the last decade has been setting up mile-stones on the avenue of progress toward world-unity and brotherhood. But this year (1930) the work of peace has encountered catastrophe, and the international horizon is dark with the lowering clouds of war and noisy with the clash and clang of arms. We have been boasting, especially here in America, that we have conquered poverty and all economic ill, that we have found the magic of eternal prosperity. But lo, in a night, our splendor has turned to dross—we are in the pit of such distress as we have not known in a hundred years. And our distress is the world's distress—we are all growing poor together! What is the meaning of it all? Obviously, that we have not liquidated the Great War, have not recovered from it, may not be destined ever to recover from it. It is not at all certain yet that that vast struggle was not a mortal blow to our civilization. But worse than this is the fact, ever more and more terribly apparent, that we have learned nothing from the recent past. We are living the same old way in the same old world—tinkering with the same old economic system, trusting in the same old armament security, cherishing the same old superstitions and selfishness—and thus moving on swiftly to the same old doom. Is there no idealism any more—no courage, no vision, no faith—to try some new and better way in this new year?

O, for a leader! A man who has convictions, and must blow the trumpet-blast to arouse the people! How our heart yearns these arid days for La Follette—

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

We had our fundamental disagreements with Roosevelt but we think we could forget them all if only once again we could see his passionate spirit sweeping this country like a prairie-fire. We could even be reconciled to Mr. Bryan, if he would return and give us another campaign like his free-silver campaign of 1896. It is said that the people are apathetic, indifferent, cynical—that they don't care any more. We don't believe it! Rather are the people like sheep without a shepherd—confused, disturbed, but willing to go where anyone will show them the way. The tragedy of this hour in American history is the utter lack of leadership on any issue, to any end. There is local leadership here and there. How the people leapt to it—to Bulkeley in Ohio, to Pinchot in Pennsylvania, one a "wet" and the other a "dry"! But in the nation at large we drift, without momentum and without steerage-way. This is Herbert Hoover's tragic failure. The President is by no means the "boob" he is being painted these days by his opponents. He deserves not a tithe of the punishment that has smitten him this year gone by. But either because of lack of temperament or uncertainty of will, he has given no leadership to an anxious people. He has lifted no banner, sounded no call, declared no open war against the forces which are corrupting and degrading the nation's life. Think of what Mr. Hoover might have done, for example, if he had placed himself like a "plumed knight" at the head of the "dry" forces of this country, and led a campaign against the wickedest betrayal America has known since the days of the slave-power in the South. Prohibition, like every other good cause, is failing for lack of prophets who know how to preach and champions who know how to fight. *O, for a leader!*

We see no reason why advocates of the World Court should be discouraged by the decision of the Senate not to consider the Protocols at this session of Congress. President Hoover did the right and the courageous thing in laying the agreement before the Senate and asking for its ratification but there never was any slightest chance of securing ratification or even consideration in a short session already over-crowded with legislative business. The main thing was to get the Protocols on the Senate's table—and this has been done! Now let this be followed by a special session of the Senate alone, called on March 4th next, exclusively for action on the World Court. Then will follow exactly what followed with the London Naval Treaty, which was debated and ratified at the special session of the Senate last spring. Opposition to the Court will have full and free opportunity to express itself, and in due course the Protocols will be passed, and the United States at last be a member of the international tribunal. This will be a good piece of business, well done! But just as the peace advocates should not be discouraged now by the postponement of the World Court issue, so let us warn that they should not be over-elated when the issue is satisfactorily settled next May or June. For the entrance of this country into the Court is no great matter, as its presence outside of the Court at this current moment is also no great matter. Since the conditions of entrance were revised, we are all for the Court. But it is going to take more than courts like the World Court, and leagues like the League of Nations, and treaties like the Washington and London naval treaties, to stop that next war when and if it comes along. The nations have not even begun to build the structure of enduring peace. The Briand-Kellogg Treaty is by all odds the longest step yet taken toward the goal, but the road still stretches far on ahead. Not yet is the time for congratulation and relaxation. The challenge to labor and sacrifice on behalf of a desperate cause is still with us.

News from Spain gets more and more exciting. The progress of the revolution against the King gets more and more definite. Mobs are still being dispersed successfully; revolting regiments of the army are being repressed and their leaders shot. Martial law is keeping the peace, but it is perfectly evident that seething underneath the repression thus far successfully imposed by the Government is a profound popular revolt which must some day burst forth in vast eruption. What we are hearing are the rumblings of the volcano; what we are seeing is the first outbreak of smoke and flame from the boiling crater. Everything will soon break loose from the depths of violence and wrath, and Spain will thereupon join the long list of countries which have endured the horror and beneficent results of revolution. It is curious that this cataclysmic experience should now at last come to a country that had no part in the Great War. Yet it is not so curious, after all, for Spain, while never a belligerent, was still involved in the awful struggle which convulsed Europe in 1914-1918 and suffered as all people on the continent suffered from that universal disaster. The King has long been unpopular, and justly so. Early intimation of what was coming appeared in the suppression of parliamentary government half-a-dozen years ago and the rise of the autocratic and haughty dictator, de Rivera. This was followed by the exile of Ibanez and Miguel de Unamuno and other distinguished scholars and public leaders, in accordance with the unchanging despotism of tyranny. But the fall of Primo de Rivera something over a year ago gave impressive evidence of the weakening of the monarch's prestige and power, and of the slow but sure advance of revolution. Now the final act of the drama is drawing near—the climax may come before this editorial can appear in

print! One more king is destined to go the way of kings, and one more people to taste liberty. Spain at last is becoming a modern country. We may anticipate in the future a history that will redeem the black annals of the last three centuries.

UNITY has from the beginning been furiously interested in the famous dispute over the inscription on the Louvain library erected at the University as a gift of the American people to the Belgian nation. It will be remembered that the old library was destroyed by the Germans in the Great War. When the new library, designed by the American architect, Mr. Whitney Warren, was erected, it was found that the balustrade was designed by Mr. Warren to contain an inscription: "Furore Teutonico Diruta: Dono Americano Restituta." To the everlasting credit of the authorities of the University of Louvain, this inscription was objected to and finally removed. It was rightly and nobly felt that such words would only serve to perpetuate war sentiments which were best forgotten. Mr. Warren, a furious militant, a man of cruel, unforgiving, and utterly arbitrary temper, insisted upon the inscription being retained, and, when refused, took his case to the courts. Recently there came the welcome word that the highest court, the Court of Appeals in Brussels, had denied Mr. Warren's demands, ordered him to pay the costs of the suit, and given full power to the Louvain authorities to remove the outrageous inscription. UNITY rejoices in the justice of this decision, which is not only good law but true religion. We find it infinitely satisfying to see a demagogic hater of the Warren type put in his place and made to pay the expense of his trouble-making. Mr. Warren's one most abominable offense, perhaps, was that of falling back upon the authority of a noble Christian, Cardinal Mercier, now dead, and using him to support his contention. The great Cardinal, overborne by the experiences of the War, may well have supported this inscription in the beginning. But no one other than Mr. Whitney Warren can believe that this noble soul in this later day of international reconciliation would have fostered sentiments of hatred and revenge. We feel distinctly more optimistic about the peace of the world and the brotherhood of man now that Whitney Warren is silenced and will soon be forgotten.

Two self-respecting working girls are sitting on an evening in the bed room which they share together in an uptown rooming house in New York. A knock is heard at the door, and one of the girls opens the door to find a strange man standing at the threshold. The visitor engages the girl in casual conversation which she does not understand, and, before she realizes it, he is standing in the room. Surprised, even alarmed, she is about to ask him to leave, when two policemen in uniform appear. Before the girl knows what is happening she finds herself under arrest, charged with prostitution, and on her way to the station house. There she is duly docked on the complaint of the two policemen and is lodged behind the bars for the night. The next day this girl is taken to court and there on the advice of the lawyer kindly provided by the court, she pleads "guilty" to the charge brought against her in order to escape postponement, bail, and other complications, and primarily to get away at the earliest possible moment and save her precious job. When the whole proceeding is over she finds that she is free but incidentally has paid out on various accounts all of her savings amounting to $575.00. This is a sample instance of what has been going on in New York for no one knows how many years. Some girls, caught in this trap, are stubborn, or perhaps proud, and they refuse to plead guilty. Such girls are formally convicted on the corroborative testimony of the policemen and sent to the Reformatory for six months, nine months, or a year. This game, successfully played on thousands of respectable girls, has been netting a handsome income to police officers and their stool pigeons, to bail agents, lawyers, and other court hangers-on, and even to the judges on the bench. It seems to us to be altogether the most dastardly, the most cowardly thing of which we have ever heard. We find no words to express the degree of wrath and disgust we feel. It gives us some comfort that a searching investigation is now on in New York, ripping the lid off these hidden cesspools of exploitation and oppression. But what results will this investigation achieve? Who believes that anybody but a few wretched underlings will ever be punished, and what chance is there of the abominable system wrought in the very fabric of Tammany Hall being uprooted and destroyed? Answers to these questions are not encouraging.

It's Good Experience

In the days of my callow youth I spent a certain summer working on my uncle's farm. The job involved beginning the day at five o'clock, and after the haying operations had been as nearly completed as meteorological conditions would permit, the cows had to be milked and turned out to pasture again. The day's program frequently consumed the hours from dawn until dusk. I didn't think very seriously about these lengthy hours of employment at the time because everybody else was doing it, and the process seemed to be accepted as a matter of course as it probably is at the present moment upon countless farms throughout the country.

When the day of reckoning arrived, however, at

the close of the season, I found myself entitled in addition to board and lodging, to a cash remuneration of $15.00 for my summer's work. I confess that I felt a little disappointed. It may be that my disappointment was without justification. Very likely other laborers found themselves in similar circumstances, and possibly uncles who happen to be agriculturists are no more severe task-masters than anybody else. In any event the constantly repeated assurance from which I was expected to gain complete consolation apparently was based upon the advice afforded me upon every hand to the effect that it was "good experience."

I have never been able completely to satisfy myself as to the value of this experience for the reason that I have never put it to the test, which I now understand to be the most accurate method of judging such value. I now realize that if on the following summer I had timidly approached the cashier of the local bank soliciting a job, and upon admitting that the only experience I had had was that of milking the cows and getting in the hay, the chances are that I would have been told that I did not qualify. However, that experience I believe to have been good in one respect, namely that it turned my mind in the direction of a certain bit of philosophy. The quest of this excursion into philosophy was to find out if possible what this excellent commodity which they spoke about as experience might be. When later I went to school, I found that such a speculation occupied a very prominent role in the writings of Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, and all the other celebrities from Socrates down to the days of Will Rogers.

In spite of the guidance of this brilliant galaxy, I confess that even now I am not wholly clear on what it is all about. For me John Dewey comes nearest to an appraisal of the status and value of experience when he insists that it is something that we can use and build upon and through it judge as to the ultimate values of life if such there be. Still this sounds a trifle sophisticated in view of the fact that I have never been able to find out what that summer's experience on the farm was good for.

Looking at it in the naive and accepted approach of most people, it is obvious enough that experience is of two sorts. The first variety is personal experience. It is what comes to us in the course of every-day contact. To be sure, many persons whom we have met do not appear to have gained possession of very much of this excellent commodity. At least it doesn't seem that way if one may judge from the limited range of their interest and their apparent ignorance of affairs which are going on very close to them. I talked the other day with a woman who is an ardent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is in constant fear that the foundations of western civilization will crumble under the onslaughts of Soviet Russia. To her mind, apparently, anything which is directed towards the unification and better understanding of economic groups is to be avoided at all cost. She had, however, never heard that in her own town, where there are several large shoe factories, a highly significant experiment looking towards management upon the part of the workers had just been launched.

Under normal circumstances, however, personal experience is valuable as an interpreter of what may await us just around the corner. Even exceptional experiences may possess certain merit. If, for example, you have shared the unusual experience of a visit to the North Pole, you know something about the lay of the land, if there is land there, and when somebody else goes for a similar journey, you may talk with him more sympathetically and with clearer understanding when he gets back.

Just now a lot of people are passing through experiences which may or may not be good for them. They are having the experience of no job whatsoever. Whether there is as much value in that experience as the one which I had in working on the farm is probably an issue which cannot be solved until the facts are all in; but the chances are that it largely depends upon what one expects to do with his experience. Dr. L. P. Jacks, in a recent address, told about the reaction of a distinguished Japanese professor who was visiting Oxford University. First, Professor Jacks took the Japanese scholar to the lectures, and then he took him to a football match. After a time the Oriental remarked, "I cannot understand this. I don't understand your university. In your lecture rooms you train the minds of your students as though you meant them to become clergymen, but on your playing fields you train their bodies as though you meant them to become policemen."

In thinking over this matter of experience, a person will very soon realize that the personal element constitutes but a small portion of the field. Much the more comprehensive is the experience of the race. From the point of view of racial experience we are now standing at that opening period of the new year when custom encourages us to look back and make an inventory of some of these common experiences. Restricting this racial experience to our own country it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that the past twelve months (1930) have brought to us a great variety. Whether this experience is good for us or not, time alone can tell, but it has certainly been a comprehensive one. Here, for example, are some of the tasks which have engaged the day's work.

Mr. Hoover's second year as the chief executive—that sums up a racial experience which will take a long time to analyze and untangle. Specifically we have found ourselves blowing hot and cold with the Law Enforcement Commission. Similarly, the Tariff has been tinkered upward to a point where its most ardent

exponents have pleaded for downward revision. The London Naval Conference, launched as the most peaceful promise in modern times, may easily prove to be an added and perplexing burden. We have experienced the most feverish excitement over the fortunes of Bolshevik Russia, the censorship of books and plays, the suppression of Communistic uprisings within our own gates, and rowdy demonstrations between ecclesiastical dignitaries and reformers within the sanctuary of the church itself.

Whether this is good experience, of course there is no means of determining. In the long run it probably is. We have reason to believe that there is a residue of value out of such experiences. The values which inhere in truth spring from activity and conflict in the intellectual life. Economic values are the result of the production and distribution of goods amongst other things. Our esthetic, our social, our ethical, and finally our religious values are all the result of certain judgments, relations, and functions which are inherent in experience. If we can find any considerable number of persons who will look critically both at our personal and racial experience, it may be that these incidents of the past twelve months may enable us more nearly to see life steadily and see it whole.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

We can think of a lot of things more important than Judge Clark's decision that the 18th Amendment is invalid. Doughnut holes, for example! Let's get excited about doughnut holes!

"Ye cannot serve God and Manning," says a certain unnamed churchman. Quite so! Truth holds the same in every age.

Never forget, especially in these days, that the American tariff is for the benefit of the American workingman—to insure him employment and prosperity.

The trouble with this country today, so we are told, is over-production—a glut of goods that nobody can sell. We beg to differ! The trouble with this country today is under-consumption—a glut of goods that nobody can *buy*. There is too much food? Not a bit of it! There are too many hungry mouths.

The commander of the American Legion post in Los Angeles wants Einstein deported. He wants the government to forbid him to land at all. "Einstein is a pacifist," he says, "traveling in the guise of a scientist." On the day following this news, the New York *Times* published an interview with Bernard Shaw, in which the dramatist said, "The 100 per cent American is 99 per cent an idiot."

Inflated Reputations. (3) Judge William Clark of New Jersey, who saw a chance to become nationally famous by declaring the 18th Amendment invalid—and took it!

J. H. H.

The Tragedy of the Tyrol

[From Our Special Correspondent]

We sat with our knees hunched up on a crag of the Mutteralp one day last July, Poldi and I, gazing with a sort of intoxication about us. The tinkle of the goat bells, like and unlike the sound of a babbling brook was the only thing breaking the silence of that crystal clear mountain atmosphere. Alpine roses poked their crimson heads out at us between the crevices of the rocks. Far, far below lay Innsbruck with its toy town houses and its patchwork fields. In a divide between the mountains ran the Inn river, west towards Switzerland and the Rhine, east towards Vienna. In another divide ran the Sill river south towards the Brenner pass and Italy. There is no valley outlet to the north. Great grey mountains block the way, passable only by foot or by a gasping little mountain train.

We could see Italy from where we sat. Snow had fallen the night before and the peaks of the Dolomites were dazzling white in the afternoon sunlight. Those Dolomites!—precious and integral part of the ancient "German South Tyrol" until the peace treaty of twelve years ago when a goodly slice had been handed over to Italy without rhyme or reason except as conqueror's booty. Innsbruck since 1248 had been the proud capitol of this ethnical unit known the world over as the Tyrol, and with its university, its industries, its trade routes east, west and south had united the culture and activities of these hardy mountaineers with the rest of the world.

We are at peace up here on the mountain with the nibbling beasts and the alpine posies. Hard to realize that in every mountain chalet, every tiny settlement in the grassy places of these majestic mountains brews a fierce hatred and a bitter sorrow for what is happening to their "brothers" over there on the other side of the Brenner pass. Just two nights before in a Tyrolean celebration signals had been lighted on these mountains. A message by burning torches had been flashed across to watchers on the Italian side, "Bis Salurn"—a terse expression which literally means "To Salurn"—the southern frontier of the former united Tyrol. But like similar expression used by the combatants in the great war (To Berlin and Nach Paris) it carried with

it overpowering sentiments of revenge and of patriotism. Rome may make overtures to Vienna, negotiate loans, exchange friendly words but these governmental gestures have no curbing effect on the passions of the Tyrolese peasants who see a part of their old home, their old friends, their relatives being ruthlessly subjected to a bath of Italianization.

At this point it may be recalled that the "Tyrol" had been under the domination of the Hapsburgs from 1363 until the end of the war with the exception of four years between 1810 and 1814 when Napoleon I annexed it to his Italian kingdom. At St. Germain in accordance with two of President Wilson's fourteen points, the ninth which required the Italian frontier to be "rectified in accordance with the clearly recognizable lines of nationality," and the fourteenth which laid down the general principle of self determination the Trentino was surrendered to Italy by Austria. But the Tyrol, a quite separate section, with a quarter million German speaking inhabitants, made a desperate appeal for plebiscites to determine to what country their communities belong. The Allies refused. Italy won. And after it was too late both Wilson and Lloyd George admitted the mistake of severing this piece of the Tyrol from Austria.

Italy with its tradition of liberalism however made all sorts of promises to its newly acquired citizens and Premier Nitti publicly declared that Italy did not desire denationalization. Foreign Minister Tittoni in September, 1920, in a speech to parliament said, "The people of foreign race who are joined to us must know that the thought of oppression is far from our minds, that their languages and cultural institutions will be respected and that their administrative employes will enjoy all the rights of our liberal and democratic system. We can give the population of the South Tyrol the assurance that they will never be subjected to a police regime or be exposed to persecutions and caprice as were Austria's subjects in Istria and in the Trentino for so many years."

But Fascism ignored all these declarations. Mussolini has declared many times over, "I will *make* them *Italians,*" not citizens of Italy who retained their German language, customs, culture and sentiments under Italian government and law but "Italians." Thus after eight years of strenuous effort on the part of the fascists the Tyrol has neither German schools, nor German newspapers. Signs and inscriptions are all written in Italian and Italian alone is recognized as the official language in law courts as well as elsewhere. Italian nationals have taken over postoffices and railway jobs, Italian banks have taken the place of German banks while German meetings and associations have been suppressed. Meanwhile each year Mussolini "invites" a delegation of "loyal Tyrolese" to Rome, gives them a royal welcome as only Rome can do and impresses Italians and foreigners with the fact that everyone is blissfully happy and that all these complaints of oppression one hears wafting down from the mountains are just anti-fascist grumblings.

A few days later Poldi and I were on a train winding its laborious way through the Brenner pass. At the Brenner See, a tiny lake on the edge of the railroad Austrian officials goodnaturedly looked over our passports for the last time and the train passed on across the new frontier to Brenner or as the Italians call it Brennero. The train was full of Austrians and Germans on vacation. A hush fell over our compartment as a horde of black-shirted soldiers in their grey green uniforms and befeathered hats came into sight lounging about the depot. Several carbinieri in their blue uniforms, red striped trousers and Napoleon hats, fully armed, strolled about in pairs. Despite the smartness of their uniforms they looked undersized and unwashed after the big fairhaired, ruddy Austrians. The soldiers swarmed on the train as soon as it was brought to a halt. They pawed through the baggage looking for cigarettes and kodaks and stamped passports with the characteristic confusion and noisiness of Italians. Poldi, a good Austrian socialist, looked the picture of disdain. Finally we went on.

The scenery continued ravishingly beautiful. There was no change to make one feel that Austria had been left behind. Chalet architecture was the same with the exception of a few new houses built on square Italian lines. The people on the station platforms invariably had German features.

We arrived finally at Bolzano which Poldi insisted on calling Bozen. A swarm of hotel porters soliciting patronage greeted us as we emerged from the station. To our surprise they all spoke German, they all looked German. Turning the corner into the main square now the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, we came upon a thoroughly Italian sight. A priest, a stout Italian one, was leading a funeral procession through the main thoroughfare. Nuns in black followed and a horde of ragamuffins straggled behind each carrying a flower and chanting out of tune.

We went first to the Post Office to claim our mail. Here all the clerks and officials were obviously Italian. Then we bought tickets for the mountain railway preferring to spend our night on the heights despite the charms of Bolzano. This proved to be another typically Italian experience. The ticket office refused to sell tickets until only a few moments before the train was due. A small mob was waiting, it was a hot afternoon and there wasn't a place where one could sit down. When the window finally opened people pushed and jostled to get tickets. Frayed and harassed the mob massed tightly about the entrance of the train when it arrived, pushing each other up the steps. Before we knew it the train was filled and half the crowd including ourselves were left on the outside. The conductor in excited Italian argued with a disappointed and disheveled crowd who insulted the service in no uncertain language. It was too far to walk that late in the day. Nothing to do but wait an hour for the next train. So we spent our time wandering about the narrow, arched streets of Bolzano—a quaint delightful old town, one of the two largest cities of this part of the Tyrol. Every street now has an Italian name, there was the Banca della Santa Spirito (Bank of the Holy Ghost), Talmone's chocolate store, Gentilini's biscuits, Pirelli's rubber goods, all the Italian trade names. But in a half basement we found a good old German "Milchstube," now labelled "Latteria" where for a few pennies we quaffed enormous steins of rich mountain milk and munched "brotchen" fresh from the oven. Over in the corner where a shrine had once been with its candle burning that the blessed virgin might look favorably upon the making of bread, now hung a picture of Mussolini.

We had standing room on the next train and viewed with delight the fingers and cones of the famed

"Rosengarten" like a distant fire in the setting sun as we hitched slowly up on the cogwheel railway. Finally as dusk fell we clambered off and wandered across Alpine meadows to find bed for the night.

Langmoos is a tiny little farm hamlet. Down its narrow street are a row of shops, one of each kind. Here is Katrina Schmidt—"Sarta" for dressmaker, not Scneiderin as doubtless the whole village calls her. Next door is Hermann Zoller, "Falegname" for carpenter, not Bauermeister as one might expect. Across from the church are a couple of rude "gasthofs" in one of which we found a large double room for thirty cents a piece—plank floors, no running water but immense feather beds for cold mountain nights.

Down in the dining hall a frowsy Italian woman in inevitable black and with a sour face was holding converse with a young flapper. "Simply scandalous," she was rattling off in Italian. "I went to see the church. The priest was holding service in German. Afterwards I talked to him and he couldn't understand me—a priest in my own country couldn't understand me."

On the wall facing us was a trilogy of pictures, the King and Queen of Italy and Mussolini. These we were to see in every inn, mountain hut, and public eating room in Tyrol. They are required by law. The King and Queen were always the same, mild and a little apologetic looking, but Mussolini burst out of the picture frame in various heroic poses, sometimes on a rearing stallion in army uniform, but mostly with his pop eyes glaring at you from under shaggy eyebrows with an air of intimidation that certainly had its effect on every German tourist who sat facing it. Poldi's nose went up and up and the color flushed dark red in her cheeks as she munched her German cooked spaghetti.

The buxom little Austrian maid who brought us hot water commenced by gossiping gaily and then suddenly refused to say another word, except did we want anything else for the night? Most of the tourists up here she had confided were Italians. They never go far from the cities. Yes, the schools for the past few years were entirely conducted in Italian. Even the religious lessons were not allowed to be held in German. But the church service was still conducted in German—she didn't know how long *that* would last.

It was a peaceful, sunny Sabbath when we emerged the next morning from the Gasthof. Church bells were ringing insistently and the whole countryside seemed bound in one direction. Men in their homespun with red carnations in their bottonholes, very solemn and very shiny, women in long black clothes that have never changed their style, many in Tyrolean puffed sleeves and high corseted waists, thronged the churchyard. The church was so full we couldn't get near the door while peasants crowded about trying to hear the service. Was this overflowing service normal I wondered or only an indication of troubled hearts with one remaining outlet in their own native tongue. There was not an Italian name in the little graveyard surrounding the church. New graves are now required by law to bear the Italianized version of the deceased's name in whatever translation the authorities are able to make. Thus Rudolf Stein becomes Rudolfo Pietro and Johann Gostner becomes Giovanni Costa. The forty-nine names of the village "heroes" who died in the world war were inscribed on the church wall with a fresco of angels receiving the dying soldiers into heaven, a German heaven one would gather.

On our way down the mountain that day we were caught in a really bad storm. Poldi who wore hobnailed boots had recently read of someone being struck by lightning in the feet so we took refuge in a friendly farmhouse, running breathlessly across an open field. The farmhouse was big and bare and neat. In a large room with long tables and benches used by the peasants for every purpose except sleeping we sat and drank enormous mugs of milk and hard unraised peasant bread. The walls were covered with religious pictures. Three women, round-faced, fresh complexioned and long skirted sat idle watching us. One played quietly with a tiny flaxen haired girl. A boy of eleven sat twiddling his thumbs. "No," the women said, the Italians didn't bother them much, only the taxes were much worse than before and there were so many of them. The schools were completely Italianized. It was stupid because the children didn't know what it was all about. They talked German among themselves and at home and the school lessons were just a farce. Then the little boy piped up. "If you join the balilla," said he, "they give you your notebooks and textbooks free, otherwise you have to pay for them. Most of us country boys don't belong," he said. "More in the town do, maybe a quarter of all of them."

Our next night was spent in Merano in the Andreas Hofer hotel, another charming valley town with a lovely duomo and quaint houses spilling over with geraniums. Across from the hotel was a military "caserne" and the streets echoed day and night with the loud voices and heavy boots of the passing soldiers. Merano seemed flooded with them. Above on the precipices that overhang the town stands the castle and village of Tyrol from which the whole district derives its name. Here was the birthplace of Walther von der Vogelweide, Tyrol's most famous poet and of her most beloved hero, Andreas Hofer.

From Merano we started forth on a walking tour which for ten days took us to the tops of the Dolomites and to the valleys below. There are beautiful roads and a good bus service all through this lovely region now but everywhere we met Germans and Austrians who with rucksacks on their backs scorned modern methods of travel and preferred to "hoof it." Nevertheless a bus comes in extraordinarily handy when storms and detours ruin the best of schedules. Between a tiny little town called Campitello, the one thoroughly Italian village we came across with babies and goats all mixed up together on front doorsteps, and Cortina, a former military road was being put into beautiful order for tourist travel. Up and up to dizzying heights the bus ascended, going around breathtaking hairpin curves. Poldi, who preferred her feet on solid ground became whiter and whiter and finally announced when we stopped on the highest peak of all that she would walk the rest of the way to Cortina. Rain had set in by that time but weather, compared to these sensations of constant danger, was nothing to her. We had been startled as we got well into the mountains to discover barbwire entanglements, overgrown dugouts and caves where men had lived like hunted animals, and trench lines serrating the pleasant flowered uplands—grim remnants of the struggle twelve years before. Foundations and bits of homes stood

stark and alone by the side of the road. No one had cared to rebuild or even to tear them down. Here and there was a military cemetery. A flagpole with a red, green and white flag marked the Italian burial grounds but the Austrian were distinguished only by a Tyrolean crucifix, one of those large wooden affairs with a triangular frame to keep off the rain. Pitiful, forgotten little graveyards. The Austrians in our bus got out to take pictures of one of these stony little places. They climbed back in very silent and the Italian driver having had his cigarette drove on down the mountain toward Cortina.

Cortina spoke before the war neither German nor Italian but was a part of that tiny section known as Romanisch. Thus it takes more kindly to Italianization than its thoroughly German neighbors, Bolzano and Merano, where the thin veneer only slightly disguised the dull resentment of the oppressed. On the mountains the atmosphere is quite otherwise. No military power on earth would have enough soldiers to suppress the freedom of these heights. One innkeeper told us that never before had there been so many people climbing the mountains as now. "It is because they want to sing and to talk freely," she said. "The singing of German and Tyrolean songs is forbidden in the towns and villages" (the Italians know the power of music themselves) but on the mountains no one can stop them."

"The Italians made hell for the people in our village," this same innkeeper said. "They would allow no private instruction in German even outside school hours. They arrested and jailed people suspected of teaching children in their homes. But it was useless. The private instruction went on just the same. We will never sacrifice our culture. But they don't persecute as much as they did. Not since Schober went to Rome and negotiated the loan with Mussolini."

She apparently did not know the political gossip which credits Mussolini with wanting to keep on the good side of Austria in order to be able to march his army conveniently into Jugoslavia in case of necessity.

On the heights one finds few Italians. Luxuries don't exist, food is limited to pea soup and eggs and the most luxurious accommodations consist of bare little cots. But the Germans and Austrians do not ask for comfort. They scorn it. Boys and girls, middle aged couples and occasionally quite elderly souls trudge the rocky paths, their knapsacks almost a part of them. They are silent as they climb for the good mountaineer needs all his breath but downhill they sing and talk and make merry. Here is freedom. "Ah," said Poldi, lapsing into English as she stood on a cliff, arms stretched out, our first day off the beaten track, "ah, I luf it, I luf it!" And this is the solace nature has given the Tyrolese to leaven the lump of petty persecution which they inherited from the "war for democracy."

DOROTHY WALTON.

Snap-Shots of the Indian Revolution

First-Hand Stories and Observations

Everyone interested in the Indian struggle has heard of Bardoli and how the peasants there successfully fought the Government over the question of land revenue in 1928. They will also have heard how those very peasants have again taken up the struggle with the Government, and have, this time, migrated to the Baroda State *en masse*, in their determination not to pay a single pie of revenue to the British. Kaira is another district of Gujarat which has now taken up the non-payment of land revenue with equal vigor.

Last week I went all through the Kaira villages with the well-known English journalist and author Mr. H. N. Brailsford, who has come out on a short visit to India to see things for himself.

And he did see and hear things which revolutionized some of his more cherished conceptions of English law and justice.

The Kaira peasantry like those of Bardoli have migrated to the Baroda State. Their houses and homes, their lands, their very crops they have sacrificed. There stand the villages, deserted and silent. No women are drawing water from the wells, no children are playing in the village lanes and not even a dog is to be seen—the surest sign that all is vacant. But away across the border are big camps made out of wooden poles, matting and the boughts of trees. Here is all the life vanished from the villages; the men, women and children with all their household belongings and their precious cattle. But it is not the happy, free life of the village—It is cramped and difficult—hot by day and very cold by night. No convenient arrangements for water, and no good place for washing clothes. And above all a sense of terrorism fills the air. Anyone venturing on to British territory is liable to be beaten by the police or their hirelings, and even in these camps on the Baroda territory the police may come suddenly at any hour of the day or night and without warning begin kicking and beating the peasants.

Here are some of the accounts told us by the peasants themselves:

In Vehra, the first village we visited, an old man of 70 years told us how, on 18th October the Revenue Officer with a party of police came to the fields where he and others were venturing to work, and dragged them all off to the police station.

There the Revenue Officer beat them himself with a thick stick. The old man was very roughly handled, and after the Revenue Officer had finished beating him he turned to the police and told them to strangle him (which they did not attempt to do). Besides receiving this physical punishment the old peasant had had his valuable buffalo worth Rs 150/- attached. The son of the old man who was present, seeing the plight of his aged father and the danger of the precious buffalo being auctioned away for a trifle, promised to pay up the land revenue due from him of Rs 30/- and thus saved his father and the animal.

When the Government reports the payment of land revenue by some of the peasants, it takes care not to mention the circumstances!

In the camp of the villagers of Bodal we heard many accounts of horrible beatings. Here a woman told us how she was one day returning from work in

the fields with her three years old baby on her hip, when a policeman came up to her and said, "Show me where your husband is." How could she say at that moment, and before she had time to think, the man hit her on the cheek with his lathi and she fell to the ground. When we saw her she still had a badly swollen left cheek and a bruised shoulder on which she had fallen heavily in her efforts to save the baby. Everywhere we noticed the peasants were trying to work the fields in order to prevent the land from going to waste, but the police made it almost impossible for them in many places.

Not even the Baroda State subjects are free from the attentions of the terrorizing forces of the British Government.

In one case we heard of a Baroda man who had been to buy grain in the British territory. On the way home, in his bullock cart, he was stopped by so-called "watchmen" belonging to the police. His grain, his cart and bullocks were all snatched away from him, without any receipt being given, and he himself was taken and locked up for 24 hours. When brought before the Revenue Officer (British Government) he was told to make a statement. The clerk in the office took it down, but when it was handed to the Revenue Officer, he simply tore it up. On being released, the peasant went home and made out a protest, which he addressed to the Collector and Revenue Officer. This, in the company of his field co-worker, he took to the police station. The two men were seized and locked up for twenty-four hours.

We heard the account from the peasant himself about a week after the affair had taken place, but his bullocks, cart and grain were still in the hands of the police, and he had so far received no reply to his protest.

While in the Bodal camp we came across another Baroda subject who had had a cruel experience. He was working one day in fields in the Baroda State when the Revenue Officer (British Government) came up with a party of Police. Seeing them approaching the peasant said, "I am a Baroda man"—"Oh are you?" said the R. O. "I'll teach you Baroda State people how to behave," and forthwith ordered his police to beat the man. They gave him a terrible punishing on the left arm and the back.

When we saw him he was suffering from much pain and fever, and his arm was in a sling.

These are but a few examples of what is going on all over the district.

One of the favorite ways the police have of attacking the British subjects, is to go up to a man and say "You want Swaraj, do you? Then take it!" with which they proceed to beat him mercilessly.

Here is a good example. A peasant was attending his buffalo. Up came the police and began to beat him without any warning. "Why are you beating me?" exclaimed the man. "Because you want Swaraj," they replied. "We will rule you by Zulum (terrorism) here it is!" And six policemen set on him with lathis. After they had covered him with blows they said, "Now salute us seven times," which the man did and was let off.

But of all the shocking things we saw and heard, by far the worst was the Government's method of setting one community against the other. The two main communities of this district are Patidars and Barias, the later a backward community, which had lately been reclaimed after years of devoted labor on the part of the well known national and social worker, Ravishankar Vyas, now in jail.

Today the local officials are busy reawakening the criminal instincts of these Barias and are setting the commounity against the Patidars. It is the old game of "Divide and Rule" in a most ugly form.

We were not able, of course, to see the officials at work, with our own eyes, but we took down first-hand evidence from several peasants in different villages, whose word we had no reason to doubt. Here is the purport of what they said: The officials are trying to set us one against the other. In some villages, they have, to some extent, succeeded. It is especially the Revenue Officer who carries on this propaganda. He comes into a village, calls the Barias together and tells them not to pay their debts to the Patidars. "You are all insolvent," he will say, "but never mind. Rob the Patidars. If they refuse to give up their money, just beat them, kill them, it does not matter, you can throw their bodies into the tank or the river and fishes will eat them up. He promises not to take any steps against the Barias and then offers them the confiscated lands of the Patidars for a trifle. Lands worth Rs 700/- per bigha are being offered at Rs 1½ per bigha. Sometimes he will call a Baria to his office and privately tell him all these things."

At the village of Ras we found this propaganda had been the most successful. Here too we visited the camp across the border. The people were being terrorized by the Barias who had gone over to the side of the Government. They dared not go along the lanes to their villages or even to their fields, for fear of being beaten or perhaps even murdered by these people, who had the police with them. Five leading Patidars of Ras now living in the camp, have received threats of murder. They are warned that they must go and report themselves at the police station at Ras (which they know means beating and worse), otherwise they may expect to have their lives taken.

All the incidents given above I took down in the villages from the simple, straightforward peasants themselves.

There did not appear to be anything exaggerated or false in what they said. In my notes I have kept the names and addresses of all the peasants from whom we heard these accounts.

It seems hardly necessary to comment on the situation. A humble, industrious, non-violent peasantry has refused to pay the land revenue, because of the injustice of the present rule.

For this non-payment various steps may be taken against the peasantry according to law, but surely nowhere is authority given for beating, torturing, robbing and demoralizing the people of the land under such circumstance; or for the indiscriminate invasion of foreign territory.

The natural outcome of this policy is to completely convince the peasantry that the British Rule is brutal and unjust, and that the sooner it is brought to an end, the better it will be for all of us.

Sabarmati, India. MIRA.*

*"Mira" is the Indian name of an English woman, a personal friend of Gandhi, and a staunch champion of the Nationalist Movement.—Editor.

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day" here published for the first time in English*]

XXVI

1

In this Gospel it is said: "He who loseth his life shall find it."

This means that true life is given only to him who renounces the felicity of animal life. The true life of man begins only when he seeks the felicity not of the body, but of the soul.

2

The more a man renounces his animal "I", the freer his life is, the more necessary it is to other people and the more joyful for himself.

3

All the coarse, fleshly sins—idleness, gluttony, fornication, malevolence—arise only from the recognition of the body as the "I", from the subordination of our spiritual "I" to the animal. Liberation from sin lies only in subordination of our animal personality to the spiritual principle, in renouncing the animal.

4

The teaching of Christ that life cannot be made secure, but that we must be prepared to die at any moment gives more happiness than the teaching of the world that we must make our life secure. It gives more happiness by this alone: that, while the imminence of death and the insecurity of life remain the same, both in the teaching of the world and in the teaching of Christ, still life itself, according to Christ's teaching, is not absorbed to the last morsel in the idle occupation of pretending to make our life secure; but becomes free and can be given over to the one end proper to it: our own felicity, the perfection of our soul and love toward men.

5

The renunciation of animal for the sake of spiritual welfare is the result of a change in consciousness; that is, a man who formerly recognized himself only as an animal, begins to recognize himself as a spiritual being. Once this change of consciousness is accomplished, that which formerly seemed privation and suffering, no longer seems privation and suffering, but only a natural choice of the better in preference to the worse.

6

Ages pass; men discover the distance between the heavenly bodies, they determine their weight, they discover the composition of the sun and stars,—but the question of how to harmonize the demands of personal happiness with the life of the world remains for the majority of men just as undecided a question as it was five thousand years ago.

Reason tells man: "Yes, you may have felicity, but only if all men will love you more than they love themselves."

And that same reason shows man that this cannot be, because all men love only themselves. And therefore the one felicity which is revealed to man by reason, is hidden again by it.

Ages pass, and the riddle of felicity in the life of man remains for the majority of people the same insoluble riddle. But at the same time this riddle was solved long, long ago, and to all those who find out the answer, it always seems amazing that they did not guess it themselves. It seems as if they had known it long ago, but had only forgotten about it,—so simple and self-evident does the solution of that riddle appear, which seemed so difficult among the false teachings of the world.

You want all men to live for you; you want all men to love you more than themselves? There is only one way in which your desire can be fulfilled. This is for all beings to live for the felicity of others, and to love others more than themselves. Then only would all men be loved by all, and you, among them, would gain that very felicity which you desire. If, however, felicity is possible for you only when all beings love others more than themselves, then you, as a living being, should love others more than yourself.

XXVII

1

The past has already ceased to be, the future is not yet come. What, then, exists? Only that place where the future meets with the past. It would seem that this place is—nothingness. But nevertheless our whole life lies in this place.

2

The main business of life is love. And we cannot love in the past or in the future. We can only love in the present, immediately, at this moment.

3

We ordinarily divide life into three periods of time: past, present and future. This is untrue. There is a past and a future in time, but there is not and cannot be a present. The present is only that place where the past meets with the future.

4

To love means to do good. Thus we all understand love, and we cannot understand it otherwise. Love is not only a word, but a deed, which we do for the good of others.

If a man decides that it is better for him to disallow the claim of even the slightest present love in the name of another greater love to be, he deceives either himself or others, and loves no one but himself.

Love does not exist in the future; love exists only in the present. If a man does not do deeds of love in the present, there is no love in him.

5

Time is only for the life of the body. The spiritual "I" consists entirely in efforts to overcome sin. And these efforts always lie outside of time. They are always outside of time, because they are ever in the present, and the present is outside of time.

6

As soon as you think of that which will be, you feel your weakness and insignificance; but as soon as you begin to think that your work lies in doing immediately the will of Him who sent you, you feel freedom, joy and strength.

7

The first and most usual temptation which siezes upon a man is the temptation to prepare for life, instead of living it.

"Now I can retreat for the time being from that which I should do, and which my spiritual nature demands, because I am not ready for it," he says to himself. "But I am preparing, and when the time comes, I shall begin to live entirely according to my conscience."

The falsehood upon which this temptation is founded, lies in man's retiring from life in the present, the only real life, and transferring it to the future; whereas the future does not belong to him.

In order not to fall under this temptation, a man should remember and understand that there is no time to prepare; that he must live at his best immediately, just as he is; that the perfection he needs is only perfection in love, and that this perfection can only be achieved in the present. And therefore, without delaying, he should live every minute with all his strength in the present, for God; that is, for all those who make demands upon his life; knowing that at any moment he may be deprived of the possibility of this service, and that for this daily, hourly service he came into the world.

8

We cannot imagine life after death, and we cannot remember life before birth, because we can imagine nothing beyond time. But we do not live in time.

XXVIII

1

Evil exists only in ourselves; that is, in a place from which we can ourselves extract it.

2

We say that suffering is an evil; but nothing does more to unite men through love than suffering.

3

Man is the spirit of God in the flesh.

At the beginning of his life, man does not know this, and thinks that his life is in the body. But the more he lives, the more he comes to know that his real life is in the spirit and not in the body. The whole life of man consists in coming more and more to know this, and in freeing himself from the body through the spirit. We complain of that which tortures our body. But all our sufferings are for our own good, because they free us from the body, and make our life more and more what it should be—spiritual.

4

If you have an enemy, and are able to make use of him by practicing on him how to forgive and love your enemies, you will gain much more from this than you would have had from being rid of an enemy.

5

Man lives for the body and says: Everything is beastly.

Man lives for the soul and says: It is not true. Everything is splendid. What you call beastly is that very grind-stone, without which the most precious thing within me, my soul, would grow dull and rusty.

6

There is no illness which can prevent a man from fulfilling his duty. If you cannot serve men by works, serve them as an example of loving patience.

7

Suicide is perversion of the consciousness of life, carried to the last degree. The essence of life is in striving toward felicity, and in bringing it ever more and more into being. And suddenly a man so perverts his conception of felicity that he sees in life only evil, and does away with his own life. In suicide this perversion is complete, but it exists in various degrees, more or less marked, whenever a man sees evil in life. So that the recognition that there is more evil than good in life is already a preparation for suicide.

[To be continued]

The Study Table

Reviews by John Haynes Holmes

Apologia Pro Fide Sua

The promise of this book* is great. It is written by a distinguished Jewish author of France, well-known in this country for his "The Child Prophet," and for his biographies of Moses and Solomon. It is translated by Mrs. Stephen L. Wise, already known and admired for her exquisite translation of Palliere's "Unknown Sanctuary." And it is introduced by an eloquent foreword by Rabbi Wise.

The promise of the book is amply fulfilled by its contents. What was foreshadowed, so to speak, in "The Child Prophet" is here made explicit in the pages of an autobiography of sensitive beauty and passionate fervor. Mr. Fleg was the child of orthodox Jewish parents, whose "religion was mingled with every act of life, but in so simple a way that I saw no religion in it." He grew up, that is, in the midst of ceremonies and observances which he did not have explained to him, and which meant nothing save as they were associated in his mind with a father and a mother whom he adored. But even in the case of these devoted parents, disintegrative influences began early to appear. The Sabbath was sacrificed to business; forbidden food was eaten outside the home.

> Like all children of all time, I began despite myself to scrutinize my parents, and drawing conclusions from their inconsistencies, I very slowly began to break their idols.

The process thus started in his own home was accelerated by a visit in his fourteenth year to a Christian home, by a reading of the Gospels, by a study of the history of philosophy, by the general influences of a secular education in Paris. Slowly, step by step, then ever more swiftly, he moved away from Israel. By the time he had become a man, the author confesses that he had lost everything.

> I had forsaken the rites and the laws of my people. I had rejected their God; and the inmost voice of my peple had grown silent within me."

All this tale of "Israel Lost" is told in the first chapter of Mr. Fleg's book. The second and longest chapter tells the dramatic story of "Israel Regained." The details of this recovery of a people and a faith, of this inward rebuilding of a disintegrated personality and a shattered race consciousness, cannot be set down here. They must be found by the reader himself in pages of passionate intensity, mounting in the end to what Rabbi Wise aptly describes as "a lyrical

*"Why I Am a Jew," by Edmond Fleg. Translated by Louise Waterman Wise. Published by Bloch Publishing Co. $1.25.

exultation over the faith that, finding good, he longs to hand on to children's children." The Dreyfus affair marked the beginning of the spiritual drama of restoration. The discovery of Zionism and attendance upon the third Zionist Congress at Basle marked something of a climax. The author's personal life, particularly in its family relations, played its decisive part. How significant the story of what happened on the birth of his son! For years he had been reading a certain secular newspaper which was bitterly nationalistic and anti-Semitic."

On the morning on which this son was born (he now writes), by chance I did not read that paper. And since that day I have never read it.

When the boy was one year old,

. . . something else occurred. . . . One of my plays had just been produced with some success, and there were many reasons for me to persevere in my work. I abandoned it all and without cessation for three years I studied Judaism. I believe that I now understand the power that spurred me on, and the hour chosen for its exercise.

If the personal narrative is engrossing, the study of Judaism and its significance is illuminating. Israel as itself a religion and a culture, the relation of Jesus and true Christianity to Israel, the significance of Zionism to Israel and to the world, the causes of anti-Semitism, the mission of Israel to the future of humanity—all these subjects are discussed with delicate insight and sure conviction. And at the end—the story done, the argument completed—the author breaks into a litany of praise for Israel which might well find its place in some revised edition of the prayer-book of the synagogue.

Mr. Fleg's book was written for his "grandson—not yet born." The longing to transmit to his descendants what he himself has found in toil and travail of spirit throbs in every line. But such a book belongs to no one person, nor family, nor even to the tribe of Israel alone, but to all mankind. The author has penned a magnificent vindication of his people, and at the same time, perhaps for this reason, a magnificent vindication of a spiritual humanity. Israel is eternal because the soul of man is eternal. Here is one more book in the holy scriptures of the race!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Pamphlets on India

Three important pamphlets bearing on the present revolution in India have recently come from the Press in New York City.

The first of these pamplets* consists of a series of selections from Dr. J. T. Sunderland's famous book, "India in Bondage." This book is the best document and most powerful arraignment of British rule in India that has ever been published. But it is a lengthy book, and therefore not too easily distributed. The author has therefore had the happy thought of making a collection of important passages from his book bearing directly upon the background and causes of the great struggle for political freedom now going forward in this greatest of Oriental countries. The fact that Dr. Sunderland has made his own selections from his master-work guarantees that these selections are well chosen. The pamphlet, sixty pages long, is itself rich in material, but its chief value is of course that of an introduction to the original work from which its selections are drawn. The pamphlet is headed by an introduction by John Haynes Holmes.

The second of these pamphlets** is announced as the opening number of an "India Today and Tomorrow Series," published by Haridas T. Muzumdar, M. A., Ph. D. It is entitled "India's Non-Violent Revolution." Mr. Muzumdar, a native of India, has been a student in this country during the last ten years and received his degrees at American universities. In 1923 he published a biography and study of Mahatma Gandhi, entitled "Gandhi the Apostle: His Trial and His Message"; and in the following year, 1924, he published an American edition of Gandhi's "Sermon on the Sea." A year ago Mr. Muzumdar returned to his native country, attended the famous Lahore Conference at which the independence of India was declared, lived for three months at Gandhi's Ashram, and then was one of the seventy men who made the immortal march with Gandhi from Ahmedabad to the sea. His pamphlet begins with a statement of Gandhi's position in India, tells the story of the meeting of the All-India National Congress at Lahore, describes the organization of the independence movement, and then pictures the march to Dandi for the breaking of the salt laws. Then follows a vivid historical account of the struggle between the Nationalist movement and the Imperial authorities, with the orgy of arrests, imprisonments and cruel violence. An appeal is written of the Indian people, and another "to the Citizens of the World." This booklet is an important document in the literature of revolutionary India. It is to be followed by four other booklets on events in India since the arrest of Gandhi.

The third pamphlet,*** referred to above, is entitled "Ramsay MacDonald on India," and is edited by Basanta Koomar Roy, author of "Rabindranath Tagore, the Man and His Poetry." This pamphlet presents a devastating collection of quotations from the two books which Ramsay MacDonald wrote on India following his visit to that country some years ago—the one, "The Awakening of India," and the other, "The Government of India." These two books are now out of print. There is therefore grave danger that Mr. MacDonald's views on India before he became Prime Minister may be forgotten, and by many people not known at all. To avoid this danger, Mr. Roy has gathered these excerpts from Mr. MacDonald's pen. They reveal the Premier's admiration for Indian civilization, his horror at the British exploitation of India's poverty, his detestation of the tyranny of the Imperial rule in India, his confidence in the ability of the Indians to manage their own political affairs, and his belief that India should be granted independence. It seems incredible that the man who wrote the passages contained in these pages should now be the head of the government which is oppressing India and denying her any measure of political autonomy. But this is only one more illustration of what a man may say when he sits on the opposition bench in the House of Commons, and what he does when he sits in the seat of power. This is a damning book—a powerful man convicted out of his own mouth! It must stand forever as a record of perfidy and shame.

*"The Truth About India." Published by Lewis Copeland Company, 119 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

**"India's Non-Violent Revolution," by Haridas T. Muzumdar. Published at 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

*** "Ramsay MacDonald on India," edited by Basanta Koomar Roy. Published by the Indo-American Association, P. O. Box 77, Station D, New York, N. Y.

Correspondence

Christian Science

Editor of UNITY:

In your issue of November 24, under the heading "Reason and Religion," a correspondent expressed opposition to Christian Science by use of veiled aspersions, seemingly a needless method of opposition, since the most casual of your readers readily comprehended that Mrs. Eddy was the person in question. As a rule I appraise vague critical comment on our religion as I do anonymous letters; that is, as unworthy of my consideration. In this instance, however, our critic has combined censure with misrepresentation. In the interest of journalistic accuracy I submit the following refutation:

Mrs. Eddy is not and never has been deified or worshiped by Christian Scientists. She has ever been most insistent that her followers look to her writings for guidance and not to her person. I deny that Mrs. Eddy was either "ignorant, vulgar" or "neurotic" as your correspondent asserted. Her writings stand a monument to a cultured Christian scholar. I can testify that she was the most refined and gracious of women. Mrs. Eddy enjoyed excellent health after her discovery of Christian Science, and she is known today by her fruits of righteous accomplishment as a great religious leader. Her gift to the world, Christian Science, is essentially Christian in precept and practice; and its proofs of healing and redemption make it convincingly scientific.

Sincerely yours,

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

Christian Science Committee on Publication for Illinois.

Chicago, Illinois

God's Place in a Rational Society

Editor of UNITY:

Living in an age of science and reason, nothing but pure science and free reason can claim our allegiance and be accepted as guide. One of our first lessons is that *man's God is what man makes him to be;* as man reveals himself daily in his capacity of an intelligent ego, a devoted member of his family and race, as well as member of the larger family of nations we call humankind. Like a rare treasure in his possession, man's God can be made to serve a higher aim, that would endow the owner with refinement and nobility; or a baser aim, that degrades him to shame and the life of the beast.

It was a great and wise man, living nearly three centuries ago, who said, *"Everyone judges of things according to the state of his brain"*—a truth which admits no doubt. The gods of the savage, the barbarian, the uncultured and undisciplined reveal the respective attributes and character of the groping in the dark mind of the savage, the barbarian and the banal; while the gods of the civilized, the disciplined and cultured show the very best of refinement —physical, intellectual and moral. The broader one's understanding, the wider one's sympathies, the more perfect and universal is his God; who merely symbolizes the very best of a growing man's aspirations toward individual, social and universal perfection. Aiming to improve ourselves from within by a friendly understanding of our world and its doings from without, brings us nearer to that personal and social happiness which is the ultimate goal of all those men and women whose guiding principle of thought and action is a God of unlimited kindness, universal sympathies and creative peace; with men of all colors, creeds and races freely partaking of the abundance thereof. Like an architect admiring his perfect model, or the builder studying his perfected prints, we, too, turn in the light of reason and come face to face with our God who, in the way of the faithful sentinel, keeps us to the right path; promising repose, safety and happiness in face of all hardships and disappointment.

Rational living makes life a continuous field of intelligent effort. This effort is conveniently spoken of as the urge of the soul to do the will of God, the accomplishment of which brings man to the proximity of his ideal. But mere words do not matter once the substance is grasped. Tolstoy (see UNITY; Nov. 3, 1930), the greatest lover of men and God, has found his way to God in the way of all flesh, through intellect, faith and trial, and left his blueprints for our guidance. "True religion," speaks the sage, "is the attitude of man to his neighbor and to all the infinite world, established in harmony with reason and contemporary knowledge." And he concludes: "There are two ways of life; to live for the body and to live for the soul. Live for the body and you will soon learn that the joys of the body are not lasting, that with the years they grow fainter, and that at any moment they may end in death. Live for the soul and you will know such joys as become greater and greater with the years, and fear not death." What greater service can we render than to present this message to our children as a beacon in their unfolding lives!

The youth of today are the builders of the world of tomorrow; and it is the moral obligation of those willing to accept such an obligation to answer the call of the universal, the infinite, the immortal good (God)—which is the highest and finest our minds can conceive as the ideal towards the attainment of which all effort is to be conscientiously directed.

There is nothing dogmatic, nothing mysterious, nothing of the veil of superstition about this. It is a logical manifestation of a living intelligence in man that seeks to accomplish its very best, striving to place man in the order of the universe upon a scale above the life of the brute. Such a God is not a theological invention but an indispensable friend who in the light of reason offers bliss and strength to all.

DAVID GITTLEMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Cheer for UNITY

To Editor of UNITY:

May I express my word of thanks to UNITY for giving so complete an outline of Lt. Col. Osburn's book, "Must England Lose India."

If this clear and generous view of the situation in India could be broadcast to the world it might be the means of bringing help more quickly to the long suffering gentle "Christians" in a so-called heathen country.

One who comes personally into contact with some of the fine Indian people who are among us in America, can feel nothing but admiration and sympathy for their tolerance under such adverse criticisms as "Mother India," and for the absence of bitterness expressed over the heart breaking conditions of their people.

I read UNITY from start to finish as soon as it arrives. It gives such illuminating information on the vital questions of the hour.

MARY B. DAIN

Montclair, N. J.

Cremation Hymn

Come, holy fire, consume this clay!
Ashes to ashes now return!
An outworn garment here we lay
As on thine altar, Lord, to burn.

Not to corruption and the worm
Our shrinking spirits yield the claim,
But give this well-beloved form
The cleanly burial of the flame.

Empty this tabernacle stands;
With kindred dust the mansion blends;
While to a house not made with hands
The dear inhabitant ascends.

As the swift fire its office works,
Father, we lift our hearts to thee;
Consume the dross that in them lurks
And let thy pity on us be.

Stay with thy love our fainting breath,
Grant us thy peace in mortal strife,
And show us through the door of Death
The Resurrection and the Life.

EDWARD A. CHURCH.

(*Continued from Page* 258)

nevolent and beatific spirits of: Peace, Prosperity, Health, Appreciation, Wisdom, Truth.

Realizing the sacredness and nobility of this divine task, the members of the New History Society consecrate without reservation their lives, their ability, their utter devotion and their manifold resources to the promulgation of the above Ideals in all parts of the world.

Headquarters, 132 East 65th Street, New York City.

The Quebec Liquor System as a Substitute for National Prohibition

The enemies of prohibition point to the Quebec liquor system in Canada as being ideal. The best way for Americans to get a conception of what the Quebec liquor system means is to visualize the United States under a similar system, taking into account the difference in population.

The Province of Quebec today has:

105 government dispensaries for the sale of whiskies, wines and hard liquors of all kinds, not to be drunk on the premises;

605 hotels at which liquors are served with meals;

620 taverns for the sale of beer by the glass;

103 restaurants where wine and beer are served;

1,654 beer stores;

148 clubs at which all members can be supplied with liquors;

9 steamboats and 18 dining cars where intoxicants are available; and,

61 other places for which permits are granted for the dispensing of liquors.

This makes a total of 3,323 places where intoxicating liquors can be secured, in spite of the fact that of the total number of 1,340 municipalities in the Province, these selling places are permitted in 306 but prohibited in 1,034. These 1,034 municipalities, however, which are dry by popular vote, have very little chance for any reasonable law enforcement, by virtue of the fact that the Government Commission, in defiance of the expressed will of the people, supplies orders for wines and hard liquors, delivered by mail to the address of any one in a dry municipality who has money to pay for the order in advance. Of the total 3,323 places where intoxicating liquors are sold in the Province, only 105 of those places are controlled and operated by the Government Commission. The others are all operated by private individuals, firms and companies.

The population of the United States is approximately fifty-one times the population of the Province of Quebec. If the Quebec liquor system, therefore, were planted in the United States, it would mean that we would have, in the United States, under that system:

5,355 government dispensaries for the sale of whiskies, wines and hard liquors of all kinds, not to be drunk on the premises;

30,855 hotels at which liquors would be served with meals;

31,620 taverns for the sale of beer by the glass;

5,253 restaurants for the serving of beer and wine;

84,354 beer stores;

7,548 clubs at which all members could be supplied with liquors;

459 steamboats and 918 dining cars where intoxicants were available;

3,111 other places holding permits for the sale of beverage intoxicants.

This would make a grand total of 169,473 places for the sale of various kinds of intoxicating liquors throughout the United States, of which, in reality, only 5,355 would be operated by the government, the rest being operated by private citizens.

One who visits the Province of Quebec, and especially the city of Montreal, and who makes a real investigation of the situation, will have some faint conception of what the Quebec system in the United States would mean, in addition to the sales system outlined above, by simply multiplying by fifty-one the mail-order system in Quebec for the supplying of liquors to dry municipalities; the additional cost to the public of crime and charity; the lost labor hours; the factory and traffic accidents through drink; the blue Mondays; the political collusion; the bootlegging, corruption, drunkenness, debauchery, commercialized vice and general degradation caused in the Province of Quebec by the sale of intoxicating beverages and by the sanction, promotion and encouragement of that sale by the government itself.

As between the Quebec system and the licensed saloon system of the old days in the United States, the latter would be preferable.

Ernest H. Cherrington
World League Against Alcohol

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CONSEQUENCES By JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD
Introduction by John Haynes Holmes
Nathaniel Peffer, author of China: The Collapse of a Civilization, says: Julia Ellsworth Ford makes in "Consequences" a powerful statement of the case of the Eastern peoples against Western greed and exploitation. She makes a powerful statement of the bitter truth of the opium evil, originally foisted on China by the white man for money profit. If the novel form will lead to a wider reading and appreciation of these truths, Mrs. Ford will have done a great service.
Special prices to libraries, schools, anti-narcotic societies and clubs.
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